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The WHITE BUTTERFLY

MABEL HAY BARROWS

THE WHITE BUTTERFLY

A Sixteenth Century Romance in Three Acts

BY

MABEL HAY BARROWS

"Itte beinge now some months syne Francis and Mary had come to the French throne itte greaved the Queene to part with one of her four Marys that had been with her syne her cominge intoe France the damsel's father Lord Beaton learninge how she was beloued of a poor Scottish nobleman of the Couenant did remoue her from the court and convoyinge her to far Buchan in the north countrie did sette her in durance in a castle of her own heritance with such secresie that Queene Mary herself knew not the way of deliveringe her mayde."

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THE WHITE BUTTERFLY.

Characters.

Cardinal Beaton.
Sir Gavin Gibb.
Angus, servitor of Lady Mary.
Scribe to the Cardinal.
Captain of the Guard.

Lady Mary Beaton, niece of the Cardinal.
Adrienne du Croix, companion to Lady Mary.
Janet, Lucy, Effie } Scottish maids.

Scene. *Turret chamber in the castle of Gight, Buchan, Scotland. The walls of stone are hung with tapestries, banners, and heraldic devices. Skins are strewn on the bare floor. A high carved chair and table are arranged for Lady Mary, with her tapestry frame, jewel casket, books, and a miniature of Mary Stuart. Candles burn before the shrine below which is a priedieu. There are rough benches and stools for the maids, and a spinning wheel. When the casement is open, the Ythan can be seen winding among the hills. Tendrils of ivy reach in through the casement. The stair door is heavily barred with iron and bolted without. A curtained doorway leads to Lady Mary's bedroom. A lute and a harp hang on the wall.*

Time. May, 1560.

Act I. May-day morning.
Act II. Evening of the next day.
Act III. Five days later.

THE WHITE BUTTERFLY.

ACT I.

May-day Morning.

Janet *and* Lucy *are sewing on a travelling cloak.* Effie *sits at her wheel, spinning. They sing as curtain rises.*

Lassies [*singing*]. *It's Logie o' Buchan, it's Logie the Laird,*
He has ta'en awa Jamie that delved in the yaird,
Wha played on the pipes and the viol sae sma',—
He has ta'en away Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
He said, "Think nae lang, lassie, though I gang awa,
For I'll come back an' see ye in spite o' them a'!"
I sit on my creepie an' spin at my wheel,
An' I think o' the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel.
He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
An' he gave me the half o't when he gaed awa,
Saying, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa;
Oh, haste ye back, Jamie, an' bide na awa;
The simmer is comin', cauld winter's awa,
And ye'll come back and see me in spite o' them a'.
Ye said, "Think nae lang, lassie," etc.

Lucy. Why, Janet, how you sew! Your seam's nigh done,
While I but prick my fingers as I look
And wait to hear if no one keeps the May.
Janet. The very thought that makes *my* needle fly!
Suppose the maskers from the village came,
And we with task undone — pray pass the reel —
Must close our eyes and ears and sew and sew.
Lucy. What can the Lady Mary want with cloaks,
Shut up in this stone tower? The price of this
Had bought us each a plaid and kirtle gay.

JANET. Tush, Lucy, 'tis a year now since she came.
Mayhap her father may relent, and she
Must hold her ready if he come.
LUCY. But if
He come not, as I think the likelier way?
JANET. Then she must bide, poor lady. Faith, 'tis sin
To hold her prisoner in the tower of Gight,
Where all the countryside did love and serve
Her lady mother, ere that Papist lord
Did woo and win her.
LUCY. Why, indeed, could he
No other prison find? 'Twere ill enough
To shut her here; but, when our sires, for love
Of her that's gone, send us to wait on her
Ill-fated child, and make us prisoners, too,—
Why, 'tis too much.
JANET. Then, if *you* find it dull,
Free as we are, on holy days, and free
To roam an hour along the river-bank —
LUCY. Ay, under guard!
JANET. You would na go without
Your captain of the guard! You interrupt —
If you thus free — with lovers in the guard —
Are dull, why, pity Lady Mary more,
And Adrienne.
LUCY. Where is the French Mamselle?
With her 'tis never dull. Would she would come!
JANET. She waits upon my Lady. They're at prayers,
And even now they chant their morning hymn.

[EFFIE *stops spinning, and the three listen as* LADY MARY *and* ADRIENNE *are heard chanting in the distance.*]

VOICES [*without*]. *Lux beatissima*
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium,
O Consolator.

LUCY. That they should both be Papists, faith 'tis strange!
And yet they say she loves one of the Covenant.
JANET. 'Tis not for us to say her yea or nay:
Our Lady May shall love whome'er she will.

EFFIE. But can a Papist ever look to wed
A faithful son of our true Covenant?
I doubt sair, Lucy, if the tale be sooth.
LUCY. Nay, but 'tis true. I heard what Mamselle said
To Angus as they talked between the bars,
That, though her mistress loved a heretic,
She would na risk *her* soul to do the same.
JANET [*laughing*]. Poor Angus! He'll have e'en lost heart at that!
LUCY. Not he. He vowed he'd save her soul himself,—
He's that in love.
JANET. Hush, there she comes.

[*Enter* ADRIENNE, *singing.*]

ADRIENNE [*singing*]. *C'était Anne de Bretagne avec des sabots*
Revenant de ses domaines en sabots,
Militon-tainé, ha, ha, ha,
Vivent les sabots de bois.
LUCY. Mamselle,
Pray come and tell us tales of that "belle France"
You love so well.
JANET. Ah, yes, Mamselle, pray, do.
ADRIENNE. Non, mes amies, pas aujourd'hui,— to-day.
Vous savez, c'est le premier Mai.
Je suis si triste en passant cette journée
Dans ce cerceuil,— this coffin of a hall!
Give me to sew a place. Là, merci bien. [*Sits with them at the table.*]
Il faut finir the cloak this very day.
Pourquoi? C'est moi, qui ne dit pas — alors —
Le bon Dieu nous fait bien the first of May.

[*Maids smile incredulously.*]

EFFIE. And think you truly so, good Adrienne,
That May-day more than others brings us joy?
ADRIENNE. Si, si, mes filles, ne riez pas,— not laugh.
En vérité, 'tis as I say,— you see.
LUCY. But even then why should the cloak be done?
Our Lady cannot fare abroad to-day.

ADRIENNE. Attendez,— wait a little while, you see.
JANET. And what device is that you're broidering?
ADRIENNE [*impressively*]. Mes filles, is it that you are good
to-day?
To keep a secret, can you be muettes?
EFFIE. Dumb as the wall.
ADRIENNE. Not tell to your maîtresse?
Alors, je fais *une main*,— a hand that holds
A lily and above a papillon!
JANET. A butterfly? The crest our Lady bears.
But why the hand and flower?
ADRIENNE [*whispering*]. Figurez-vous,
It is Sir Gavin Gibb's device!
JANET [*hesitating*]. Should not our Lady know you thus combine
Her family crest, the which she holds so dear,
With her forbidden lover's coat-of-arms?
ADRIENNE [*angrily*]. Parbleu! *You* call him that? *You* say forbid?
And call yourself fidèle to Lady May?
JANET. There, faith, you wrong me. But her sire, Mamselle,
Did not Lord Beaton for that very love
Imprison Lady Mary in this tower?
ADRIENNE. Stupide! Mais oui — but she shall love the same,
N'est-ce pas? Sir Gavin is her lover still.
Is it that one loves just to please son père?
LUCY. Gin he's her lover true, why comes he not
To free her frae her sair captivity?
ADRIENNE. Shall one do all within *un jour*,— a day?
Comment sait-il to find where she is hid?
Enfin, the time viendra,— come very soon,
When shall you see, mes filles, Sir Gavin Gibb!
JANET. And is he fair to look upon? And tall?
LUCY. And strong? As big as Angus, eh, Mamselle? [*Teasingly.*]
ADRIENNE. You name the lion with the common dog!
Talk not to me of Angus, qu'il est laid!
I will know nothing of that big barbe rouge.
EFFIE. "Ze common dog" is faithful unto death:
You do not know our Scottish dogs, Mamselle.
ADRIENNE. Then let him guard the Scottish lambs, mon Dieu!
I will him not have ever watching me.

LUCY. So you're at arms again,—five times this week!
ADRIENNE. C'est lui toujours,—he quarrel all the time.
EFFIE. For lovers' quarrels there must aye be two.
ADRIENNE. You shall not lovers say! Je le déteste.
LUCY. O Mamselle, fie!
JANET. Peace, peace! here's Lady May.

[*Maids rise and courtesy as* LADY MARY *enters. She sits, and maids resume work.*]

LADY MARY. Good morrow, maids, your chattering tongues bespeak
Much merriment. Pray what of joy has crept
Within these grim stone walls? Methought each crack
And crevice full of lonesomeness and woe,
Of memories sad and dead, forgotten hopes,
So that no breath of youthful joyousness
Might force an entrance.
LUCY. Madame, 'tis the May.
LADY MARY. The May! the May! 'tis many years agone
Since I last kept the May on Scottish shore.
A little lass, escaped from watchful care,
I fled the castle and my flight made good
To Goodwife Robin's cottage, where her bairns
And I made merry all the livelong day;
Raced down the hillside to the winding Tay,
With bare feet paddled where marsh marigolds
Spread shining coin for little hands to grasp;
Wove cowslip balls and with sweet violets
Our elf-locks bound with royal purple snoods.
EFFIE. My Lady, did you ne'er keep holiday
And view the morris on the village green,
The maskers, and the dancers decked so gay?
LADY MARY. Nay, lass,—a bonnie sight it well may be,—
So young I was when I set sail for France.
JANET. But, Madame, sure you kept the May in France!
LADY MARY [*rising and going to casement*]. Ay, ay, ten May-days did I see in France,
And hoped to spend them ever in that land.
Yet now I see the moors again, the hills
That girt my mother's little world, and hear

The Ythan swirling in the springtide spate,
And see the daffodils she loved so well,
And mark the young lambs frisking on the green,
So white and wee, and hear the blackbird pipe,
My Scottish blood beats high. I would rejoice
To be in Scotia if I were but free.

ADRIENNE [*warmly*]. Madame, mais pensez donc à votre France.
Did she not give you joy and liberté?
Did she not teach you love? Is not *her* queen
Your queen? Is not *her* church *your* church?

LADY MARY. How now so fast, my ardent Adrienne?

ADRIENNE. M'en voulez-vous, Madame? Pardon!

LADY MARY [*stroking Adrienne's hair*]. Ah, no,
Poor little exile of the faithful heart,—
Angry with her who left her home to share
And lighten Mary Beaton's sorry fate?

ADRIENNE. Oh, speak not so, Madame! It is not fate
That you should *rester* here — le bon Dieu sait —
He send a knight to free you, grâce à lui! [*She crosses herself, as does* LADY MARY.]

[LADY MARY *sits awhile in thought, then closes a missal she has been holding half-open, and takes up tapestry frame.*]

LADY MARY. Now tune your strings, good Lucy, and you, maids,
Sing to the harp a merry roundelay.
The dull hours must be sped.

EFFIE. Your choice, Madame?

LADY MARY. Some old song that your mothers sang, perchance.

LASSIES [*singing in turn*]. *Come, I will sing you.*
What will you sing me?
I will sing you one-O.
What is your one-O?
One of them's in heaven above
And ever will remain so.

Come, I will sing you.
What will you sing me? etc.

Two of them are lily-white babes,
Clothed all in green-O;
Three of them are strangers;
Four, the gospel preachers;
Five, the fishermen at the boats;
Six, the waiting shepherds;
Seven, the seven stars in the sky;
Eight, the eight archangels;
Nine, the moon shines bright and clear;
Ten, the ten commandments;
Eleven of them are faithful,—
Twelve, the twelve apostles.

LADY MARY. Once more I seem to be a little child,
And you the lassies in my father's hall.
ADRIENNE [*looking toward casement*]. Ah, see! Madame, a little papillon!
JANET. A butterfly, see, lassies!
LUCY. Flying through
The open casement!
EFFIE. White as driven snow!
JANET. A sign, Madame, to all the house of Gight.
ADRIENNE. Joyeuse! You shall be happy now, Madame.
JANET. A bride it means,— there'll be a bride o' Gight.

[LADY MARY *starts toward the casement. The butterfly lights on her finger.*]

LADY MARY. Wee fairy messenger from other worlds,
What canst thou of the future now presage?
Do thy white wings a bridal veil foretell?
Or snowy shroud portend?
EFFIE [*shuddering*]. O Madame dear,
Speak not of shrouds, lest evil should befall!
LADY MARY. Could evil lurk in such a dainty thing?
See how it clings confidingly and rests
Upon my hand. And hast thou travelled far, ma mie?
And cam'st thou seeking me? And wilt thou bide?
Would I had posies sweet to feast thee with,
And roses for thy couch! Alas! my bower
Is hung with ivy's gloom, yet see, petite [*breaking off an ivy spray*],

Thy shining wings make bright the darksome green.
It better likes my hand! Then come with me,
And whisper all unheard thy prophecy. [*Exit* LADY MARY *with butterfly.*]

LUCY. It is na canny!
EFFIE. Gin it *were* a shroud!
JANET. Tush, lass, ye shouldna say the word!
ADRIENNE. Parbleu!
Mes filles, que vous êtes donc stupide! 'Tis *joy!*
You know not when you see it. Happiness
Vient toujours with the *papillon de neige!*
And now I *know* Sir Gavin Gibb will come!

[*Bagpipes heard in the distance approaching. Lassies crowd to casement.*]

EFFIE. The pipes!
LUCY. The maskers!
JANET. Merrymakers gay!
LUCY. Hey for a reel!
EFFIE. No time for spinning now!

[*Music grows louder. Lassies begin to dance, unconsciously at first, then more and more wildly. Music stops, and they lean out of casement.*]

I'm thinking they might pipe a bittie mair.
JANET. They've stoppit by the castle gate —
LUCY. There's Tam —
And Jock— 'tis he clad like the Robin Hood.
Hey, Janet, see the bear!
JANET. A fearsome sicht
He is, and look! the lad with dragon's tail
And awfu' jaws—
EFFIE. And yon's a lass —
LUCY. Behears!
'Twill be a laddie in a lassie's plaid.
JANET. Oh, such a bonnie May-ploy ne'er I saw!
LUCY [*calling*]. Hey, Jockey, gie's a posy, here, my lad!

[*Laughter without.*]

EFFIE. He tossed and missed.
LUCY. You, Tam then, try again!
JANET. The tower's too high: let Angus bring them up.

[*They watch from casement.*]

EFFIE. The captain of the guard has let them in.
JANET. Inside the castle gate?
LUCY. Oh, if Madame
Would let them dance within the inner court!

CHORUS OF MEN [*without*]. *Now is the month of Maying,*
When merry lads are playing,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la,
Each with his bonnie lass
Upon the greeny grass,
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la.

EFFIE [*calling*]. Good lads, well done! Will ye no sing again?
VOICE [*without*]. Sing ye then with us, bonnie lassies all.

[*Song repeated by lassies and men together.*]

[*Knock. Enter* ANGUS.]

LUCY [*confronting him in disappointment*]. O Angus, 'tis but you!
ANGUS. But *me!* Who else
Now, Lucy, wad ye rather see?
LUCY. Havers!
JANET. She thocht 'twould be the captain of the guard.
LUCY. Wha told ye I thocht that?
EFFIE [*laughing*]. Your rosy cheeks.
ANGUS. Ye wouldna wear your roses just for me?
Aweel, what if I willna tell the word
The Captain bade me bring?
LUCY [*beseeching*]. Good Angus, do.
ANGUS. "Good Angus" faith! He bade me speir Madame
If so she'd have the maskers in the court.
JANET. To have the maskers dance within the court!

[*Lassies shriek with delight.*]

LUCY. I'll rin and ask her. [*Exit.*]
ANGUS. Janet, where's Mamselle?
JANET. She's none so far away.

[*Re-enter* LUCY.]

LUCY. Go bid them in.
Madame invites them to the inner court.
ANGUS. Go ye yerselves. He asks ye lassies down:
Upon the May, he says, ye should be free.
EFFIE. 'Tis well for us that Lucy's won his heart.
JANET. Poor Adrienne, would you could come! Fareweel!

[*They run off. Laughter, dancing, and pipes heard in distance.*]

ANGUS [*to* ADRIENNE *who remains*]. Mamselle — [*No response.*]
Mamselle — [*She shrugs her shoulders.*]
Mamselle, ye'll still be wroth?
ADRIENNE. *Nigaud!* Why do you stay? The maids are gone.
Why you not go and dance?
ANGUS. Plague o' the maids!
Wha wulls may dance wi' them. Wull ye no heed?
I broucht ye —
ADRIENNE. Non, *you shall not* bring me things!
ANGUS. But 'tis not for yersel': 'tis for Madame. [*Holds nosegay toward her.* ADRIENNE *runs to take it.*]
Stay, none so fast, my bonnie, sonsie one!
Where's my reward?
ADRIENNE. Such stupide Écossais!
Why shall I pay for what is not for me?
Who sent them to Madame?
ANGUS. I canna say.
ADRIENNE [*suddenly*]. Peut-être c'est lui! What if Sir Gavin Gibb
Shall send Madame these posies! Mon ami,
I take them to Madame, and quick return.
So? Yes? It pleases you? You are *so* kind.

[*He hands her the flowers. She looks them over for a letter.*]

But is it not a letter with les fleurs?
ANGUS. I dinna ken.

ADRIENNE. But it must be he send
A letter or a lover's knot! You laugh?
ANGUS. The maskers brought these posies to Madame.
ADRIENNE. [*throws down the flowers*]. Vous cruel, for you make me think c'est lui [*weeping*].
J'étais contente to think he comes again.
ANGUS. Mamselle, you talk fell much o' him: I think
You like him unco weel, Sir Gavin Gibb.
ADRIENNE [*still weeping*]. I thought I had a friend, but now I see
Is no one here to help me if he come;
And poor Madame, she die to stay here more.
ANGUS [*softening*]. An' wha shall say ye hae na freens to help
When Angus o' the Craigiestane is here?
ADRIENNE [*brightening*]. Then you *will* help us? Bien, you *are* my friend!
ANGUS. Then gie's your hand.

[*She reaches across the table, and he holds her hand during what follows.*]

'Tis pleasant to be freens!
ADRIENNE. I know not how he comes, or when — but feel
He soon be here: I know it in my heart,
And you will find a way to bring him in.
Bon Angus! *Je vous aime!* [*Mischievously.*]
ANGUS. What's that ye say?
A body canna understan' your speech
Unless ye're wroth, and then 'tis clear enough.
ADRIENNE. How shall I know in English "Je vous aime"?
How shall I growl in Scottish like a bear?
Some day — perhaps — I tell you what it is. [ADRIENNE *tries to withdraw her hand.*]
ANGUS. If that han's weary, gie's the ither ane.
So we bide freens —

[ADRIENNE *gives her left hand and tries to withdraw the right. He holds both.*]

Ay, better than before.
Now I gie ye my word to help the laird,
And ye for that will ca' me aye yer freen. [*Bends over table toward her.*]

An' noo we'll seal the bond! [*Tries to kiss her, but* ADRIENNE *breaks away, laughing.*]

ADRIENNE. Not yet, monsieur.

ANGUS. Ye'd mak' a fool o' any honest man!

ADRIENNE [*sharpening her finger at him, laughs*]. "Tu bisques, tu rages, tu manges du fromage."

[ANGUS *goes out angrily as* LADY MARY *enters, the butterfly on her shoulder.*]

[*Quickly picking up the flowers and arranging them.*]
O Madame, voyez-vous ces gentils fleurs!

LADY MARY. Ah, lilies of the May! Now what a feast
For my wee guest, the snowy butterfly.
But put the daffies in your hair, ma fille. [*She takes a white flower from the nosegay, and puts the butterfly on it, holds the lily in her hands and gazes at it.* ADRIENNE *watches her, then crosses herself.*]

ADRIENNE. Mon Dieu, Madame, ah, such a prophecy!
All will be well, regardez donc le signe!

LADY MARY. What prophecy? What sign?

ADRIENNE. Voyez, your hand
Doth hold a lily. Is it not the crest
Upon the shield borne by Sir Gavin Gibb?
And o'er the lily hangs the papillon,
The snow-white papillon of Lady May!

[LADY MARY *crosses herself.*]

You see, my Lady, sure it so will be,
Sir Gavin Gibb shall bear you safe away.
His hand shall save you, as your hand now bears
The papillon. It shall be as I prayed. [*Drops on her knee before shrine.* LADY MARY *gazes in wonder at the flower and butterfly.*]

LADY MARY. Yes, Adrienne, I, too, believe 'tis true.
He comes, my lover bold, to rescue me.
Sing, while I dream!

[ADRIENNE *sings softly to the lute during* MARY'S *soliloquy.*]

Once more to see his face,
His blue eyes shining with the true love-light,

His bonnie black curls clustering on his brow!
To hear his tender voice, to feel his touch!
[*To the butterfly.*] O white one, dost thou bring me all this joy?
And then to tread the earth again and feel
The grass beneath my feet, the gowans gay
A-nodding as I pass, to wander 'neath
The birches by the burnside, strolling free
In springtime sunshine, lifting up my face
To greet the silver raindrops of a shower;
As free as any lark to soar above
The dull gray life that bound me here below!
Ah, Gavin dear, come soon! come soon! come soon!
[*She sits dreaming.*]

ADRIENNE [*singing*]. *Il faut te marier,*
Papillon couleur de neige;
Il faut te marier
Par-devant le vieux mûrier.
— Chers amis, me marierai-je
Sans me faire un peu prier?
— Il faut te marier,
Papillon couleur de neige.

[*Enter* LASSIES, *excitedly.*]

LUCY. Pray, Madame, of your grace, but there's a band
Of horsemen winding through the lower hills!
LADY MARY [*starting*]. Of riders? Armed? Oh, can it be 'tis he?
ADRIENNE [*running to casement*]. See, Madame, now they ride across the ford.
LADY MARY [*at casement*]. A goodly band, well mounted, Adrienne.
Look, can you see the standard and device?
ADRIENNE. Hélas! it bears the cross!
LADY MARY [*disheartened*]. Then 'tis not he.
JANET. Strange that a standard with the cross should come.
ADRIENNE. Peut-être c'est from the queen! She may have sent
To free her friend from sad captivité.

[*Heavy steps heard without. Knock.* CAPTAIN *enters.*]

CAPTAIN. The Cardinal, my Lady, waits below.
Shall he attend your Ladyship straightway?

LADY MARY. My uncle! Come from France! If from the queen,
God grant she bids him come to set me free!
[*To* CAPTAIN.] Right welcome is he then! Let him ascend. [*Exit* CAPTAIN.]
[*To maidens, smiling.*] You stiff-necked little heretics, get hence!
His Eminence might bless you unawares!
Bethink you of your Scottish Covenant!

LUCY [*lingering*]. 'Twere rare to see a Papist priest so grand!

EFFIE. They say he is the greatest in the land.

JANET [*hurrying them*]. Stay not to see the proud idolater.
Think on the welfare of your soul, and haste. [*Exeunt maidens.*]

[*Enter* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN. His Eminence attends, my Lady May. [*Exit.*]

[CARDINAL BEATON *enters.* LADY MARY *and* ADRIENNE *kneel before him as he enters.*]

CARDINAL. Pax tecum, mea filia — [*Raises his hand in benediction.*] Arise,
My child [MARY *kisses his ring*], and greet your uncle, not the Church. [*Raises her and kisses her forehead.*]

LADY MARY. Twice welcome, uncle mine and Holy Church. [*Exit* ADRIENNE.]

CARDINAL. I grieve to see you look so pale, my child.
Have you not comforts here? Are you not served
As fits your rank and taste? Why do you pine?

LADY MARY. Alas! my lord, a royal retinue
Would not avail to cheer a prisoner.

CARDINAL. A prisoner? The castle is your own:
Your sainted mother's lands around you lie.

LADY MARY. Oh to be mistress of my own! This tower,
My lord, you know full well, is barred, and since
A year I have not wandered forth abroad
In God's fair sunshine, o'er His pleasant earth.

CARDINAL. Ah, had you set your mind on higher things,
Your soul had here found peace. In *her* tower
Saint Barbara found the grace that well became
A Christian martyr.
LADY MARY [*smiling*]. Do you think, my lord,
The life at Mary's court in France
Doth fit one for a martyr's early grave?
CARDINAL. My daughter, speak not lightly of your queen!
LADY MARY. Indeed, my lord, I love her as my life —
Did she not send a message to her maid?
CARDINAL. I come not from the Queen of France and Scots —
LADY MARY [*dazed*]. Not from the queen — She did not send for me?
Did you not come to set me free, my lord?
CARDINAL. I came to open wide your prison door —
If thus you will miscall your mother's home.
LADY MARY [*kissing his hand and starting up*]. God bless you, dear my lord! It is a deed
All worthy of your nobleness of heart.
And may we leave at once?
CARDINAL. Stay, not so fast.
You have not heard the terms, my child.
LADY MARY [*in alarm*]. The terms?
CARDINAL. Ay, truly, terms. Your father sent you here
To ponder on his word till you obeyed.
LADY MARY [*faintly*]. My father! Oh, is it from *him* you come!
[*Aside.*] Then have I no more hope.
[*To* CARDINAL.] The terms, my lord?
CARDINAL. Nay, start not, Mary, many a lady fair
Would gladly take the hand that's offered you.
A noble lord of far outreaching lands,
A son of Holy Church, doth offer you
His wide estates, his title, and his heart.
LADY MARY [*trying to compose herself*]. His name, my lord?
CARDINAL. Fitzwilliam, Lord of Bute.
LADY MARY. Fitzwilliam, Lord of Bute! That craven *dares*
To offer me his name of ill-repute?
I see my father's hand in this, my lord —
And, if I wed the Lord of Bute, what then?
CARDINAL. Why, then — why, then, your father pardons you,

Receives you in his arms, rejoiced to have
A daughter once again; restores you all,—
Your freedom and your dowry and his love.

LADY MARY [*bitterly*]. A fine reward, i' faith, for such a deed —
And if I should refuse to wed this lord?

CARDINAL [*smiling*]. Then would the world say you had lost your wits.

LADY MARY [*persistently*]. And I should still be prisoned — as *a fool?*

CARDINAL [*hesitating*]. Why, hardly *that.* You could not be so mad.

LADY MARY [*firmly*]. My lord, I know my father well: he would
Prepare to punish if I disobeyed.
I beg you, tell me all the terms straightway.

CARDINAL. Nay, calm yourself. The welfare of your soul
He hath at heart; and, if some influence
Of evil turns your heart away, and bids
You disregard your father's just commands,
He thinks — and I agree — 'twere well to seek
To save your soul from sinfulness — by prayer.

LADY MARY. Have I not prayed, with fasting and with tears?
Ah, holy saints in heaven, how I have prayed!

CARDINAL. And yet your mind is obstinate and dwells
On things unholy. 'Tis your father's thought
To place you in the arms of Mother Church.

LADY MARY. The convent! In the arms of Mother Church!
To take the veil! [*Aside.*] Ah, cruel butterfly,
Was that the pure white veil thou didst foretell!
You've told me all the terms, my lord?

CARDINAL. I have.

LADY MARY. Then hear my answer — an it please you to.
Ne'er will I wed Fitzwilliam, Lord of Bute,
And neither will I bind myself with vows!

CARDINAL. Stay, Mary, be not rash. The Lord of Bute —

LADY MARY. Can you, my lord, as Holy Church, advise
That, while my heart's another's, I shall break
The troth I plighted to a noble man,
To wed instead so profligate a peer?

CARDINAL. Peace Mary, though you may have dreamed
An idle romance in the days in France,

That time is long forby. No heretic
May look to wed Lord Beaton's daughter May.

LADY MARY. Indeed, my lord, then will she wed none else.

CARDINAL. But, e'en suppose there were no barrier,
What proof have you your squire is true to you?

LADY MARY. I've need of none.

CARDINAL [*scornfully*]. A valiant squire of dames,
To let his lady languish for a year
Imprisoned while he toys with other maids!

LADY MARY [*hotly*]. Nay, sir, 'tis false!

CARDINAL. Why comes the sluggard not
To set you free?

LADY MARY [*proudly*]. He comes in his good time.

CARDINAL. Good time for him, but ill for waiting maid.
He'll come to find the dove flown from her nest.

LADY MARY. The saints will help him: I am not afraid.

CARDINAL. The good saints help a heretic, i' faith!
'Tis blasphemy, my daughter. Cease such prayers,
Nor feed your heart with impious hopes and vain;
For Mary Guise, as regent for our queen,
Will aid the Church to purify the land,
And every heretic must die.

LADY MARY [*stunned*]. Must die!
Must die? The Puritans must die? Shall we
In peaceful Buchan here see all the woes
Of France? And will the blessed Mother Church
Permit her sons to stain their hands in blood
Of these poor brothers blinded to the light?

CARDINAL [*rising and approaching* MARY]. It grieves me thus to hurt you and to see
Your faint heart losing faith in Holy Church,
But you are overstrained. I leave you now
To go my homeward way, first reading mass
Within the chapel o' your tower o' Gight.
This night you'll ponder on the word I've brought.
My scribe shall stay behind with men-at-arms.
To-morrow eve you'll give your answer signed
On parchment, witnessed by your servitors.
The scribe shall bear me word. If so you choose
The worldly glory of the Lord of Bute,
In eight days hence a goodly retinue

Shall give you fitting escort to your sire.
But, if you choose the calling of a nun,
The Abbot and the brothers of the Church
Will peacefully convoy you from the world.
Consider well, my daughter; 'twas a grief
To be the bearer of a message fraught
With what you find so hard to bear. I fain
Would see you smiling, rosy-cheeked, and gay,
As in the days at Villers-Cotterets,
When, one of the four Marys to the queen,
You gave your youth, your beauty, and your heart.
Farewell, my child, and benedicite. [*Exit* CARDINAL.]

LADY MARY [*alone, weeping*]. Saint Barbara, take pity on thy maid!
Saint Andrew, guide my true love hitherward!
And Mother Mary give me faith to wait! [*Falls on prie-dieu.*]

CURTAIN.

[*Chant of men's voices without as curtain falls.*]

Morts bien-aimés, c'est votre fête,
Le cimetière est plein de fleurs.
Près d'un tombeau chacun s'arrête
Triste et muet, courbant la tête,
Puis lève au ciel ses yeux en pleurs.

Morts, nous venons pour vous entendre,
Pour espérer, prier, bénir.
Ah, dîtes-nous qu'il faut attendre
L'heure sacrée, heureuse, et tendre,
L'heure qui doit nous réunir.

ACT II.

Evening of the Next Day.

The chamber is lighted only by the hanging lamps before the shrine. Lady Mary *alone.*

Lady Mary. This outward gloom bespeaks my inner mind,
Where all is dark without a ray of hope.
Ah, Mother Mary, wherein have I sinned,
That I should drink this cup of bitterness?
Is it a sin so grievous just to love
A man not of the faith, but good and true?
Ye saints in heaven, is it not greater sin
To hate and slay than *love* our fellow-men?
May we not save their souls by prayer?
My mother, too, a Puritan was bred:
Thus did my father wed a heretic.
Shall I not do the same? My mother learned
To share her husband's faith. So Gavin, too,
May find the way to holiness with me.

[*Enter* Adrienne *with candles.*]

Adrienne. Madame, I have a dream: I think I see
Two butterflies above a red rose-tree,
And up they fly together way so high
They seem the bon Dieu's angels in the sky.
Lady Mary [*crying out*]. Alas! dear Adrienne, the butterflies
Are two departing souls, his soul and mine;
The red rose is the day of bloody death.
Adrienne [*interrupting*]. Mon Dieu, Madame, the rose-tree is your love,
That blossoms soon with happiness for you —
Lady Mary [*interrupting*]. Be not deceived, ma fille, it is decreed
The Puritans must die. How can I save
My lover from my Church? If still perchance

He bides in France, my father's wrath will work
Him untold woe; and, if he seeks to find
His Mary hidden in the North Countree,
It will be certain death. He *must* not come!
He nevermore may see his native land.
He may not set me free. He must not come!
Nay, I will take the veil and bid farewell —

ADRIENNE [*interrupting*]. Mon Dieu, Madame, you know not what you say.
Is it for this that you do suffer long,
That in the fear of death you shut yourself
Within the living tomb, to leave alone
Sir Gavin Gibb to die with broken heart?
You are the keeper of his heart, n'est-ce pas?
Shall he not better die than hate his life?
Il faut attendre, you *shall not* take the veil!
He does not fear the death: he comes for you.

LADY MARY. No, Adrienne, you do not understand.
You do not love! I say he *shall* not come!
But how to send him word — I know no way.

SERENADE [*sung without*].
Over the mountains
And over the waves;
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,—
Love will find out the way.

LADY MARY. O Heaven, Adrienne, it is *his* voice!
ADRIENNE. C'est vrai, Madame, Sir Gavin Gibb is come!

[*They listen at the open casement.*]

SERENADE [*without*].
You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight;

But, if she whom Love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

LADY MARY. 'Tis dark: I cannot see; but, oh, to hear!
I dare not speak. I will but throw a flower.

[LADY MARY *throws a lily from the casement.*]

ADRIENNE. Beware! Madame, think of his safety, too!

SERENADE [*without*].
Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind;
But, if ne'er so close you wall him —

[*Serenade suddenly interrupted.*]

CAPTAIN'S VOICE [*without*]. Here, none of that, you saucy knave! Give o'er!
My orders are no ploying with the maids,
And, least of all, at night. Let's have yon flower!

[*A pause, during which* MARY *listens breathlessly.*]

[*Roughly.*] You *will* not? But you *shall!* Here, bind him, lads!
Off with him to the keep!
LADY MARY [*calling*]. Hold!
ADRIENNE. Still! Madame!
If you will save his life and yours, speak not!
LADY MARY. The *keep,* he said! He sent him to the *keep!*
What *have* I done? Oh, I have ruined all!
ADRIENNE. Nay, Madame, rave not so. If no one knows
Sir Gavin is the prisoner, all is well.
LADY MARY [*not heeding her*]. Too late! Alas! Why did I throw the flower?
Why did he come and risk his precious life?
He must be warned. He may not know his fate
If he be found here by my uncle's men.

Would he had never loved me if he must
Pay forfeit for his heart with his dear head!
Oh, Adrienne, ma fille, what shall I do?

[*Steps heard. They start with fright.*]

Who comes thus late at night? Some word from him?
ADRIENNE. Madame, it is le Capitaine, je crois.
Laissez-le moi, and you shall go and pray. [*Exit* LADY MARY.]

[*Knock. Enter* CAPTAIN.]

[*Beguilingly.*] C'est vous, Monsieur le Capitaine! Speak soft,
Unless you wake our Lady May. You come
To thank me for the lily? How you sing
So charmingly, Monsieur! It is a joy
To hear you.
CAPTAIN. So ye thought 'twas I that sang?
ADRIENNE. Who else shall sing me such a lovely song?
Will you not sing souvent? I throw to you
Des jolies fleurs.
CAPTAIN. 'Twas *you*, Mamselle, who threw
The posy down? Did Lucy have no hand?
ADRIENNE. But Lucy is not here. She sleeps since long.
CAPTAIN. So Lucy did not hear the serenade?
ADRIENNE [*in an injured tone*]. Ah, so, mon Capitaine — for *her* you sang,
And not for me at all! Give me the flower. [*Snatches it from him, and appears aggrieved.*]
In France — they sang me serenades — souvent.
I was so glad that this beau Capitaine
Shall sing to me.
CAPTAIN [*flattered*]. Perhaps *'twas* meant for you.
ADRIENNE [*smiling again*]. But why you stop your song so short, Monsieur?
And why you speak so cross, and make a noise?
Is one of your men bad? I hear you say "*ze keep*"!
CAPTAIN [*proudly*]. Faith, no, *my* men dare not to disobey!
'Twas one his Eminence, the Cardinal, left behind
With Master Scribe,— a rough, unmannered churl.

ADRIENNE [*anxiously*]. And you imprisoned him? Kind sir, beware!
The Cardinal may hear of this. 'Tis bad
For you, mon Capitaine. He like it not.
I shall be sad if trouble come to you.
CAPTAIN [*airily*]. A night's imprisonment will cool his blood.
To-morrow Master Scribe may take him off.
ADRIENNE [*beaming on him*]. You are so wise as beautiful, Monsieur! [*Gives him another flower.*]
This for your song. Bon soir, cher Capitaine. [*She kisses her hand to him as he disappears.*] [*Exit* CAPTAIN.]
[*Clapping her hands gleefully.*] Les hommes, les hommes, comme ils sont tous stupides!
To flatter them a little, make big eyes;
Say *ils sont beaux*,— it is enough for all! [*Rings bell.*]
Que faire? It is Sir Gavin in the keep:
He comes disguised like common man-at-arms,
And sings that she shall know. Quelle bonne idée!
Now is the time when Angus shall be friend:
He shall a message to Sir Gavin take.

[*Knock. Enter* ANGUS.]

[*Eagerly.*] Mon ami, have you seen the Master Scribe
And all the men-at-arms who are with him?
ANGUS [*out of sorts*]. Ye wull no be content, Mamselle, I ken,
Wi' all the men-at-arms aboot the place;
But ye must know these stranger folk as well!
ADRIENNE. Vous avez dit that you will be my friend,
N'est-ce pas, bon Angus?
ANGUS. Ye hae mony freens.
ADRIENNE. En France j'ai des amis, mais pas ici.
ANGUS. Why did ye call me now? To talk your French,
An' mak' me wish ye ne'er had come from France?
ADRIENNE [*aside*]. Que diable! mais he is cross! What shall I do?
It is no time to lose: my lady waits.
[*Sweetly to* ANGUS.] I thought that you are glad I come from France!
You do not love me now, is it not so?
ANGUS. Ye brak' my heart wi' all yer bonnie ways.

I met the captain of the guard but now:
He was fell proud to wear yer posy gay.

ADRIENNE [*radiant*]. It is pour ça that you are cross! Ha, ha!
The Capitaine is very foolish man.
Will you, too, have a flower, mon cher ami? [*Holds one out to him.*]

ANGUS [*turning away*]. Tak' back the flower ye gave the captain first.

ADRIENNE [*aside*]. Mon Dieu, cet homme! How shall I do to him? [*Going up to him tearfully.*]
You are so cruel to your Adrienne,
I think you break her heart this very day.
You will not once again be kind to her?

ANGUS [*drawing her toward him*]. An' do ye really mean it true, Mamselle?

ADRIENNE. Si, si, it shall be true. But now, ce soir,
It is no time to play. Ma pauvre Madame
To-night shall send her answer to my lord.
She is si triste she know not what to do.
I think is one way still to save her left,
If that you help us, Angus, mon ami.

ANGUS. Wae's me, puir lady, may she yet be spared!
I'll do whate'er ye bid me for her sak'.

ADRIENNE. I call my Lady here, attendez-vous. [*Exit* ADRIENNE.]

ANGUS. She is the springtime weather, rain an' sun,
The springtime with the larks an' nightingales
That mak' yer heart leap up an' sing again.
What if Madame should tak' Mamselle away,
If so she weds that sinfu' Lord o' Bute?
I' faith, she must be saved: she mustna do't.

[*Enter* LADY MARY *and* ADRIENNE.]

LADY MARY. Good Angus, you have seen the Master Scribe
And those about him?

ANGUS. That I have.

LADY MARY. Was there
A slender youth with curls and deep blue eyes?

ANGUS [*considering*]. It may be.

ADRIENNE [*impatiently*]. Did he sing?

ANGUS. Ay, there was one
Wha gave a song at supper, now I mind.
LADY MARY. Good Angus, tell us all you heard below.
ANGUS [*slowly*]. 'Twould scarce be fitting for your ears, Madame.
The men-at-arms are rough in speech, ye ken.
LADY MARY [*impatiently*]. Yes, yes, but this young knight —
ANGUS. I saw no knight.
LADY MARY [*interrupting*]. Well, then, this man-at-arms, of whom you spoke —
Did you have speech with him?
ANGUS. 'Twas in the hall
I sat among them as they drained their cups,
An' mony a wager did they lay, Madame —
Your grace — but 'tis the truth — if you would wed
The wild young Lord of Bute or tak' the veil.
LADY MARY [*aghast*]. And so they speak of me?
ANGUS. 'Tis common talk.
LADY MARY [*recovering herself*]. What said this man-at-arms thereto?
ANGUS. At first
He bided still, then, seeing me sit dumb,
He asked wad I a wager lay wi' him
Upon my Lady's fate.
ADRIENNE [*quickly*]. And what said you?
ANGUS. I said I lo'ed her unco weel for that.
ADRIENNE [*softly*]. *Mon ami!*
LADY MARY [*impatiently*]. Then said he?
ANGUS. He asked full much
About yer Ladyship, if ye were fair,
If ye were sad or gay,— if so 'twere true
Ye had a Scottish lover, as men say.
LADY MARY. And what said you thereto?
ANGUS [*smiling*]. I answered not:
I knocked him down for his fell impudence.
LADY MARY [*alarmed*]. You knocked him down! I trust you harmed him not.
ANGUS. Na, na. He shook himsel' and smiled, and syne
He sat beside me, talkin' low, and said,
"Yer Lady's Scottish lover would rejoice
To know she had so true a servitor."

ADRIENNE [*whispering*]. *Bon Angus, je vous aime!*
ANGUS [*looks at* ADRIENNE *inquiringly, then continues*]. And whiles he said
That, gin I lo'ed my lady, it were well
To beg her sign the parchment that the scribe
Will bring this night. I asked him what he meant.
But, then, the royst'rers calling for a song,
He needs must go and sing.
LADY MARY [*to herself*]. "'Twere well to sign
The parchment"! Will he have me take the veil?
'Twas but an hour agone I thought to choose
The holy-minded calling of a nun;
But now my lover's voice has called me back,
My heart that feared awakes to life again.
And yet he bids me sign to-night, though well
He knows I cannot break my given word.
O Gavin, for a word with thee, dear heart! [*She paces to and fro in thought.*]
ADRIENNE [*speaking low to* ANGUS]. The Capitaine has thrown into the keep
This very man, but now the guard will sleep
With so much drink. Go, bring us word from him. [*Exit* ANGUS.]
[*Running to* LADY MARY *and embracing her.*]
Courage! Madame, il faut avoir courage!

[*Knock. Enter* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN. Madame, the Master Scribe craves entrance now.
LADY MARY. Admit him, then, good Captain, and attend.

[*Enter* SCRIBE, *who bows profoundly to* LADY MARY.]

Your message, Master Scribe?
SCRIBE. Your Ladyship, my master bids me say,
If you consent to wed the Lord of Bute,
His Eminence, your uncle, will return
With fitting escort for a noble bride.
LADY MARY [*firmly*]. His Eminence need *not* return. This is
My answer to your master. Ne'er will I
Be Lady Bute. What more said he?
SCRIBE. In case

That offer you declined, he gave me this. [*Handing sealed parchment to* LADY MARY.]
Your Ladyship will thereto fix your name,
If so it please, before three witnesses,
That I may bear the message to my lord.

LADY MARY. I fain would be alone. Pray you, withdraw. [*Exeunt* SCRIBE *and* CAPTAIN.]

[MARY *breaks seal and slowly reads aloud.*]

"Since his first offer you refuse, your sire
Will place you in the arms of Mother Church.
Prepare to leave the tower of Gight within
Five days, and set your name and seal to this:
'I, Mary Beaton, of mine own free will
Accompany the Abbot and his monks,
Who come to lead me to my future home;
In all things will obey his reverence,
And swear to wed me to a holy life.'"
And this the parchment Gavin bids me sign!
Good Adrienne, he knows not what is writ
Herein, or he'd advise me otherwise!
Obey the Abbot? Never seek escape?
And lead a holy life forevermore?
Nay, sooth, I *will* not take the vow!

ADRIENNE [*examining parchment*]. It says no word of vows, je pense, Madame:
I see it not.

LADY MARY [*pointing it out*]. Below, here, the last line,—
"And swear to wed me to a holy life."

ADRIENNE. Cannot one holy be who does not wear
A nun's white veil? Your life is holy here.
My Lady's life will ever holy be.
Pray sign, Madame: it is Sir Gavin's wish.

LADY MARY [*doubting*]. How do we know that Angus spoke the truth?

ADRIENNE. Shall Angus *lie*, Madame, to you? to me?
My lover has a heart as true as yours!

LADY MARY. *Your* lover, Adrienne! You cannot mean
That Angus o' the Craigiestane loves you?
My troubles must have made me blind.

ADRIENNE [*demurely*]. Mais oui
It is a little blind you are, Madame!

[ANGUS *enters*.]

ANGUS. Madame, I went to find the man-at-arms
Imprisoned in the keep. The sentinel
Slept deep, the place was still, the door stood wide,
The prisoner I sought had fled.
ADRIENNE. Escaped!
He goes to find a way for Lady May!
LADY MARY [*brokenly*]. Gone! Gavin gone! no hope to see him now!
The hour has come to sign: ah, were he here!
Perchance to-morrow he will come again,
Too late. Alas that he should be so near,
And yet a thousand, thousand leagues away!
He bids me sign. I know no other way
To prove my love once more than to obey.
I dare not think! I cannot even pray!
Dear heart, this is farewell forever and a day!

[*Enter* CAPTAIN *and* SCRIBE.]

SCRIBE. Your Ladyship allows this servitor
To stand as witness?

[MARY *inclines her head silently.* SCRIBE *lays quill, ink-horn, and sealing-wax on table.* LADY MARY *takes up quill.*]

LADY MARY [*to* ADRIENNE *and* ANGUS]. Good, my friends, alas!
You see me sign — the warrant of my death!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Five Days Later.

Lady Mary, *pale, with closed eyes, reclines on couch, surrounded by maidens, who softly sing.*

Lassies [*singing*].

I sowed the seeds of love,
It was all in the spring;
In April, May, and sunny June,
When small birds they do sing.

Oh, the willow-tree will twist,
And the willow-tree will twine,
And I would I were in the dear lad's arms
That ever had this heart of mine.

Lady Mary [*starts up suddenly with a cry, as from a dream*].
Hark! Hark! Methinks I hear his voice afar!
How sweet he sings "Love will find out the Way"!
Ay, lassies, heard ye ever aught so sweet?

[*They shake their heads sorrowfully.*]

Janet. 'Twill be a dream, dear Lady: naught heard we.
Lady Mary [*sinking back*]. A dream? Then sing, that I may dream again.

[*Lassies sing softly.*]

My garden is now run wild,
When I shall plant anew;
My bed that once was filled with thyme
Is now o'errun with rue.

Lady Mary [*opening her eyes*]. Ah! no, it will not come again, alas!
Is this the fifth day since the scribe was here?
It seems a lifetime, does it not, my maids?

To-day the Abbot comes to take me hence,
And still no message from my sweetheart true!
The casement open wide,— I fain would see.

[Effie *opens casement.* Janet *lifts* Lady Mary *up.*]

Is there no horseman on the moor, my lass?
Effie [*sadly*]. Nay, Lady.
Lady Mary. Bide and watch. The hills are dim,
The Ythan is a mist before my eyes.
Janet. The tears, my Lady, blind your bonnie een.
Lady Mary. Ah, Holy Mother, send my love to me!
[*Starting up again wildly.*] Who saith that he is dead?
My Gavin dead?
'Tis true, ye saints, else had he come to me!
The cruel Church hath slain mine own true love.
Dead! Dead! And still I live! Nay, let me die!
[*Falls back in swoon.*]
Janet. O Madame, wake! Mayhap he is not dead!
Lucy. She speaks no word. Haste, Effie, call Mamselle!
[*Exit* Effie.]
Alas! poor lady, I do greatly fear
She ne'er will live to see her true love more.

[*Enter* Adrienne *with wine.*]

Adrienne [*motioning girls away, and putting cup to* Mary's *lips*]. Ma chère Madame, ma bien-aimée, sleep not;
Awake, and smile upon your Adrienne;
C'est aujourd'hui we leave this prison tower:
This day again we see the fair countree.
That make you well,— to breathe free air encore.
Lady Mary [*opening her eyes*]. Sweet Adrienne, how shall I fare without
Your hand and head and heart to give me strength?
Adrienne. Indeed, Madame, where you go, there go I.
To be a cloistered nun, it may atone
For what I sinned before — I go with you.
Lady Mary [*with new strength*]. Nay, Adrienne, you shall not sacrifice

Your bright young life and future hopes to me!
A good man loves you, and my last command
Is that you wed and make him happy, sweet.

ADRIENNE [*weeping*]. How shall you talk *de mariage* to me?
Is no man living that I love like you!

LADY MARY [*assuming cheerfulness*]. Now, lassies all, I fain would see you smile;
A pleasant memory let our last hour be. [*Takes trinkets from her girdle.*]
No jewels have I here, nor fitting gifts,
But let these trifles that I daily used
As keepsakes serve, in memory of me. [*Gives trinkets to girls, who kiss her hands and murmur thanks.*]

LUCY. Such gifts, Madame, shall ever sacred be.

LADY MARY. For you, my Adrienne, I have no gift —
Aworthy true devotion such as yours. [*Taking little jewel casket from table beside her.*]
The gems that once lay here my father hid,
Lest wealth should buy my freedom back for me;
But now it serves as tomb for what erstwhile
Was my last earthly hope. The butterfly
That seemed to tell of joy is now quite dead. [*She opens box, and shows it to* ADRIENNE.]
How white it is, and still! No fluttering
Of fragile wings and trusting little heart,
But calm it lies within its cloister cell.
An you will think of me, keep this alway.
Such was my life. My happy days were spent
In flitting to and fro, from joy to joy,
In basking in the warmth of sweet content,
And sipping honey-dew of youthful love!
But prisoner that I am, with broken wings,
Soon walled within a living tomb, my heart
Will die, as thou didst, little butterfly.

[ADRIENNE *takes the box.*]

ADRIENNE. I think not it is dead, Madame.

LADY MARY [*sorrowfully*]. Quite dead.
[*Pause.*] Sing once again, my lassies, ere I go.

JANET. Our hearts are wae for singing, dear Madame.

LADY MARY. I would not have a catch or ballad now,
But sing a holy chant.
LUCY. Behears, Madame,
We know no Papist chants!
LADY MARY. It matters not.
I fain would hear the hymn that Gavin loved.
Its simple words and gentle soothing tones
More comfort bring than would a pompous mass.
ADRIENNE [*horrified*]. Que dîtes-vous donc, Madame! 'Tis heresy!
LADY MARY. 'Tis heresy? Perchance — I cannot pray —
My beads hang untold here; the candles burn,
But call me not; the Virgin turns away;
The saints no more give ear unto my cries;
And Holy Church I once believed so true
Has slain my love, and now will take me, too.
My faith, o'ercast with clouds of doubt, grows dim.
This once, before I go, sing Gavin's hymn.
ADRIENNE [*kneeling in terror at shrine*]. Ora pro nobis, Sancta Maria.

LASSIES [*singing*].
Send down thy grace, Most Holy Lord,
My every need supplying,
That I may prove thy blessed word
In living and in dying.
Grant me new strength, and let me live
True holiness possessing,
Faith confessing,
And to my neighbor give
The fruits of thy dear blessing.

LADY MARY. Methinks 'tis time they came. My heart is steeled
To strength: 'twere better to be gone at once.
Suspense doth weaken every firm resolve,
And hope deferred doth make a strong heart sick.

[*Bugle heard without.*]

At last! [*crying out. Turns from casement.*] Sweet Adrienne, what can you see?

ADRIENNE [*looking out of casement and speaking slowly and sadly*]. I see — four monks — who slowly ride this way.
They lead a horse — Mon Dieu! the Abbot comes!
LADY MARY. The tale is done, as in the printed books.
Love liveth still, but hope is dead. Henceforth
Lord Beaton has no more a daughter May.
May God forgive him all the woe he's wrought!
Array me for my faring forth, dear maids.
In widow's weeds I'll bid the world farewell. [*Exeunt* LADY MARY, JANET, *and* EFFIE.]
ADRIENNE [*still at casement*]. They cross the ford! Would Heaven they drowned therein!
They are dismounting at the castle gate.
The Abbot goes within. Ah, holy Vierge! [*Falls sobbing before shrine.* LUCY *bows her head, weeping. Silence.*]

[*Knock. They both start up with a cry. Enter* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN. Mamselle, the Abbot waits below, and fain
Would hear confession from my Lady May
Before she bids her mother's home farewell.
ADRIENNE. Attendez,— wait! I bring you word from her. [*Exit* ADRIENNE.]
CAPTAIN. Nay, lassie, do not greet.
LUCY. Why shall I no'?
We ne'er shall see our bonnie Lady more.
CAPTAIN. Ay, poor Madame, a heavy punishment.
'Tis no such heavy sin to love a heretic,
Eh, Lucy, lass?
LUCY. For shame to be so gay
When Lady Mary bids the world farewell!

[*Enter* LADY MARY *in black, followed by* JANET, EFFIE, *and* ADRIENNE.]

LADY MARY. Good Captain, let the holy man ascend.
I will confess, and he shall comfort me.
CAPTAIN. Farewell, Madame, and may your soul find peace. [*Crosses himself. Exit* CAPTAIN.]

[LUCY *puts on* MARY'S *cloak.*]

LADY MARY. Pray, what is this device? *His* crest and *mine?*
A lying prophecy, I'll rend it off!
But no: the widow wears her husband's crest.
Let be then for this day. To-morrow morn
The consecrated veil will be my robe.
[*To the lassies.*] Now fare ye well, my lassies. Go ye free,
And may the happiness I lost be yours.
ADRIENNE. Adieu, mes filles. Le bon Dieu vous bénisse!
I, too, hélas, shall take the holy veil.

[*Knock. Enter* CAPTAIN.]

CAPTAIN. The Abbot waits.
LADY MARY. Go, lassies, go: he comes. [*Exeunt* CAPTAIN *and lassies.*]
ADRIENNE [*putting on* MARY'S *veil*]. When it is time, do call to me, Madame.
Je serai prête to follow where you go. [*Exit* ADRIENNE.]

[MARY *kneels. Enter* ABBOT *in cowl.*]

LADY MARY. My father, hear a sinful maid who prayed
That there might be another way than this.
ABBOT. Another way? You seek another way?
Thank God, my Mary, "Love has found the way!"
[*Throwing back his cowl.*]
LADY MARY [*crying out*]. O Gavin, Gavin, is it you?
GAVIN [*clasping her in his arms*]. Dear heart!
At last I have my bonnie love again.
LADY MARY. But, Gavin dear, how come you as a monk?
[*Suddenly recollecting herself.*] O Heaven! my vow! Dear love, you come too late!
Why did you send me word that night to sign?
I trow you knew not what was writ therein?
GAVIN. You promised to accompany the monks
Who came to fetch you — here we are in cowls —
And to obey the Abbot. I am he [*smiling*] —
Or have that semblance. Faith, would you suspect
That 'neath my priestly frock I'm clad in mail?

And last you promised — so the Master Scribe
Did say the parchment read — to wed yourself
Unto a holy life. So, wedding me,
You'll make us both lead holy lives, I trow!

LADY MARY. Again you risked your life to come to me!

GAVIN. What of the risk to win so dear a prize?
But fear no more. The regent, Mary Guise,
Lies ill to death within her castle walls.
In such an hour the Puritans, forgot,
May well go free. The danger's o'er, thank God!

LADY MARY. Now God be praised, and all ye holy saints!

GAVIN. So I am come, with some stout followers;
And we shall gallop fast to Peterhead,
The where a boat lies ready, bound for France.
On board we're safe; and our good queen declares
A noble wedding she will give her May.

LADY MARY. But Adrienne, my faithful Adrienne!
How shall she fare? I cannot leave her here!

SIR GAVIN. At midnight we shall sail: there'll still be time
For her to join us, had she but a horse!

LADY MARY. Her lover Angus hath a goodly horse,
And that shall bear them both. [*Calling.*] Sweet Adrienne!
'Twas she, my love, who kept my heart alive.

[*Enter* ADRIENNE, *hooded and cloaked for journey.*]

ADRIENNE. Mon Dieu! C'est lui!
Soyez le bien venu, Sir Gavin Gibb! [*Throws off her cloak, laughing.*]
And now I need not be a nun, c'est bien!

SIR GAVIN. Good Adrienne, we cannot stay for thanks.
But, once in France, we'll show our gratitude.
Do you and Angus mount his horse and ride
To Peterhead, where you will find our ship,
"La Reine." Go by the lower road: start not
Until you hear my horn. We take the hills,
That we may join my men who there lie hid.
Once on the heights, we'll see the lower road,
And watch for the *true* Abbot, who will come
That way. On seeing him, I'll blow my horn.

Do you make ready at the sound, and, in
The tumult that arises, slip away!
I'd like full well to see the Captain's face
When *'tother* Abbot comes for Lady May!

[*Steps heard.* GAVIN *draws cowl over his face.* MARY *throws veil over her head.* ADRIENNE *kneels and covers her face as though weeping.* CAPTAIN *enters.*]

CAPTAIN. Your reverence, the brothers do await
Your coming.
SIR GAVIN [*in disguised voice*]. Good. My daughter, follow me.
[*Exeunt* GAVIN, CAPTAIN, *and* MARY.]

CHANT OF LADS AND LASSIES [*without*].
Low hang the clouds over moorland and mountain,
Dark is the sky, and the night is at hand.
Sad are our hearts, and our tears as a fountain
Pour forth the sorrow we cannot command.
Aye fareweel, lang fareweel,
Peace to our Lady,
Ne'er may we more see our ain Lady May.

ADRIENNE. His song was true. "Love *does* find out the way!"
My Lady will be free and glad again!
And I shall see ma France, ma bien-aimée.
Ah, que je suis heureuse! [*Runs to casement.*]
They are so sad,
They know not yet the truth. They sing farewell
So slow and sad like funeral march, je crois.
It shall be laugh and wedding bells instead!
[*Watching from casement.*] She mounts the horse,
Sir Gavin gives le Capitaine some gold —
They start — why do they go so slow? Vite! vite!

[*A knock.* ANGUS *enters.* ADRIENNE *does not turn.*]

ANGUS [*mournfully*]. Aweel, she's gane — we shall na see her mair. [*Wipes his eyes. Seeing the open jewel case.*]
My lady's left her wee bit butterfly.
ADRIENNE. Alas! 'tis dead.

ANGUS. I' faith, it moves its wings.
ADRIENNE. It *moves?* But fetch it here.

[*He gives her the box. She puts the butterfly on her hand.*]

Mon Dieu! it lives!

[*Butterfly flies out through casement.*]

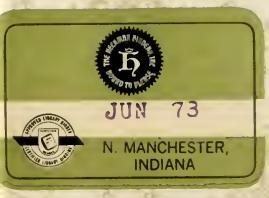
Tu prends ta liberté, comme ta maîtresse!
ANGUS [*looking over her shoulder, gloomily*]. They've crossed the ford. What maks ye feel so gay?
I thocht to fin' ye greetin'.
ADRIENNE [*smiling*]. Very soon
I tell you something nice,— when blows the horn.
ANGUS [*sadly*]. They've passed ahint the hills. Fareweel, Madame.
ADRIENNE. But listen —
ANGUS. Na, but hear to me, Mamselle.
Ye ken I've lo'ed ye long —
ADRIENNE [*silencing him*]. Hark! Hark!

[*They listen. Bugle in distance.*]

[*She springs up with delight.*] The horn!
She's safe — we follow! [*Running to* ANGUS.]
Angus, mon ami,
Can you now understand it? "Je vous aime?"

CURTAIN.

MAY 19 1903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